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CHAPTER VII.

Charles Fox in Parliament Street.—Richmond Terrace and Richmond House.—Charles the Second's Duchess of Portsmouth, and her Apartments there.—Character of Evelyn, and his Gossiping.—The Morocco Ambassador at a Court Feast.—The Richmond Family and the Foxes.—A strange "Madonna and Child."—Account of George Anne Bellamy.—Delightful Anecdote of the Sixth Lord Dibby.

HAVING gone through the older streets that lead to Westminster Abbey, we turn back a moment to include the one which was latest made, and which, from its leading directly to the Houses of Lords and Commons, was called Parliament-street. When we have done with this, and with one or two others between it and the Bridge, we shall pay our respects to the venerable depository of the dead, which originated before the Conquest, then to Westminster Hall, which is next in antiquity, and then to the new House of Parliament, which is not yet finished.

We alluded, in our chapter on Downing-street, to the mention of Mr. Pitt in a late *Autobiography*, where he was described as we saw him coming towards us from that street towards Melbourne House. In the same work is a mention of his great rival Mr. Fox, whom we afterwards saw at not many yards' distance from the same place, and whom we described as still "fat and jovial," though he was in his decline, and as looking "something quaker-like in his dress, with plain-coloured clothes, white waistcoat, and, if we are not mistaken, white stockings. He was standing in Parliament-street, just where the street commences as you leave Whitehall; and was making two young gentlemen laugh heartily at something which he seemed to be relating."* The different circumstances under which we thus saw these distinguished men were accordant with the impression they have left on the world. Pitt, like a lover of power for its own sake (and he was never known to love anything else, for wine he only resorted to as a support), came walking by "himself—alone." Fox, like the social man who loved his fellow-creatures, was talking and laughing, in spite of his decline, with a couple of merry youths, whose hearts, perhaps, were not younger than his own.

On the same side of the way on which Mr. Fox was thus standing, and directly behind him, there stood at that time a wide, low, pleasant, old red-brick mansion, turning out of the street, and looking over the gardens of Whitehall to the side of the Banqueting House. This was Richmond House, the town residence of the dukes of that name; and on its site now stands Richmond Terrace. If it had not been for a disreputable young Frenchwoman, who once delighted the eyes of

the gay and gallant on these premises, that corpulent old gentleman, that identical, ponderous, illustrious, good-humoured mass of flesh and blood, yclept Charles Fox, could not have existed.

There are two females, much alike in disreputability, but extremely different in their fortunes, whose history brings them together in this street, and suggests curious grounds for reflection. One of these was the foreigner just alluded to; the other a certain George Anne Bellamy, well known in her day for an *Apology* which she wrote for her life, but now forgotten by all but curious readers.

For the sake of the suggestiveness at which we have hinted, we shall give some account of both these persons; and first of the first.

Louise Renée de Penencourt de Queroualle, maid of honour to the Duchess of Orleans, sister of Charles the Second, was sent over to England by Louis XIV. on purpose to captivate that Prince, and reduce him to the traitorous condition of a pensioner of France; which she did. She was ostentatiously made one of his mistresses; was loaded with wealth and titles; became the foundress of the present Richmond family; and occupied apartments in Whitehall, on the site of Richmond Terrace, that were furnished with a magnificence which threw those of the Queen into the shade. Evelyn describes one of them in his Diary:—

"Following his Majesty this morning thro' the gallerie," says this celebrated *quidnunc*, "I went with the few who attended him, into the Dutchesse of Portsmouth's dressing-roome,* within her bed-chamber, where she was in her morning loose garment, her maids combing her, newly out of her bed, his Majesty and the gallants standing about her; but that which engaged my curiosity was the rich and splendid furniture of this woman's apartment, now twice or thrice pull'd down and rebuilt to satisfy her prodigal and expensive pleasures, whilst her Majesty's does not exceed some gentlemen's ladies in furniture and accommodation. Here I saw the new fabriq of French tapistry, for designe, tendernesse of worke, and incomparable imitation of the best paintings, beyond anything I had ever beheld. Some pieces had Versailles, St. Germain, and other palaces of the French King, with huntings, figures, and landscapes, exotiq fowls, and all to the life, rarely don. Then for Japan cabinets, screeenes, pendule clocks, great vases of wrought plate, tables, stands, chimney furniture, sconces, branches, braseras (brasiers), &c., all of massive silver, and out of number, besides some of her Majesty's paintings. Surfeiting of this, I din'd at Sir Stephen Fox's, and went contentedly home to my poor but quiet villa. What contentment can there be in the riches and splendour of this world, purchased with vice and dishonour!"†

* Vol. i. p. 84.

† These Italics are his own.
+ Evelyn's *Diary*, 8vo edit., Vol. iii. p. 100.

Evelyn, the author of the well-known *Sylva, or Discourse on Forest Trees*, a country gentleman, who benefited the nation by encouraging the growth of its timber, and who had the good luck to possess, and the taste to enjoy, a delightful retreat at Sayes Court in Kent, which has been celebrated by his friend Cowley, was a very fortunate, prudent, and, in some respects, estimable man, who, for carrying certain conventional virtues to their height, has received nothing but praises from the world; whereas, besides faults of pedantry and pretension as a writer, he had qualities as a man which his habits of self-laudation render not a little offensive. Evelyn is always indirectly comparing his virtues with the vices of other people, in the style of the Pharisee who thanked God he was not like the publican. Yet, however plentifully he throws up his eyes and hands at these vices, he had an incontinent spirit of curiosity and gossiping, which could not deny itself the pleasure of mixing with the vicious, in order to see and report them; and when it is considered how he must have bowed and smiled to these people, especially as a courtier admitted to his Sovereign's company; how he must have played the part of one of the "courtezan's" admirers in the scene which we have just heard him describe; and how he did not scruple to meet that "villain," as he calls him, Colonel Blood, at a dinner-party, evidently in order to paint his portrait, and snatch a "fearful joy" from his society, it is not easy to withhold from him some of the contempt which he is so freely given to bestow. What business had such a pattern of morality in the courtezan's rooms at all? and why does he cant about his "poor" villa in the comparison, when he knows it was a very good villa, and he was very proud of it? Was there no sin in countenancing what he believed to be sinful? in indulging a prurient curiosity? and then in going and blessing himself with the "pride that apes humility"; that pride, which the poet assures us, is the "darling sin" of the devil?

Here he is, on another occasion, in the same criminal apartments, betraying his ignorance as well as double-dealing. He does not know, that the Musselman, however astonished he may have been at finding himself in the company of the king's seraglio, must have beheld it with greater seriousness than any one present; and he does not see, that this ambassador, whom he contemptuously calls a "heathen" and a "slave," at the very moment when he cannot help praising him for his good behaviour, deserved neither of those terms so much as the Pharisaical "Christian," who did not scruple to bow to a prostitute in order to indulge his love of scorn and gossiping.

"This evening," says he, "I was at the entertainment of the Morocco Ambassador at the Duchessess of Portsmouth's glorious apartments at Whitehall, where was a greatae banquet of sweetmeates and musiq, but at which both the Ambassador and his retinue behav'd themselves with extraordinary moderation and modesty, tho' placed about a long table, a lady between two Moores, and amongst these were the King's natural children, viz., Lady Lichfield and Sussex, the Duchess of Portsmouth, Nelly, &c., concubines, and *cattell* of that sort, as splendid as jewells and excesse of bravery could make them; the Moores neither admiring nor seeming to regard anything, furniture or the like, with any earnestnesse, and but decently tasting of the banquet. They dranke a little milk and water, but not a drop of wine; they also dranke of a sorbet and jacob-latt; did not looke about, or stare on the ladies, or expresse the least surprise, but with a courtly negligence in pace, countenance, and whole behaviour, answering only to such questions as were ask'd with a greate deale of wit and gallantrie, and so gravely tooke leave with this compliment,—that God would blesse the Duchessess of Portsmouth and the Prince her sonn,—meaning the little Duke of Richmond. The King

came in at the latter end, just as the Ambassador was going away. In this manner was this *slave* (for he was no more at home) entertained by most of the nobility in towne, and went often to Hyde-park on horseback, where he and his retinue shew'd their extraordinary activity in horsemanship, and flinging and catching their launces at full speede; they rid very short, and could stand upright at full speede, managing their spears with incredible agility. He went sometimes to the theatre, where upon any foolish or fantastical action, he could not forbear laughing, but he endeavour'd to hide it with extraordinary modesty and gravity. In a word, the Russian Ambassador, still at Court, behav'd himselfe like a clowne, compar'd to this civil *heathen*.*

It was not only for Puritans of another sort that Butler wrote his immortal couplet, when he spoke of persons that

"Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

Evelyn, with his Pharisaical scorn, and even Clarendon, with his eating and drinking, would come under the category of those self-adulating offenders.

But we are forgetting Mr. Evelyn's fair acquaintance, whose sins he denounced, and whose suppers he partook of.

The Duchessess of Portsmouth flourished in this manner as long as Charles existed; and then she retired to her native country, where she lived in peace, and, it is said, in penitence, to the age of eighty-nine, leaving a posterity in England, which are among the foremost nobles of the earth. One of them, the third Duke of Richmond, had the taste and spirit to found the first Academy of Painting among us, which he did at his own expense in the house, or at least on the premises, that we have been speaking of: for Mr. Cunningham says, that the Richmond House of that date was burned down in the year 1791. The Richmond House that we recollect had, nevertheless, an old appearance. Probably the shell had remained, or the new house been fashioned to the old look. The sister of this Duke was run away with by the first Fox who made the name celebrated (afterwards Lord Holland), and who was the rival of the first Pitt (Lord Chatham), as his son, Charles Fox, afterwards became of the second. The Duke's sister was Charles Fox's mother; and thus, when Evelyn went away from the Duchessess of Portsmouth's, on one of the above occasions, and dined with Sir Stephen Fox, the founder of Charles's family, to whom he probably opened the whole flood of his gossiping, he little suspected that a day would come when Sir Stephen's race would derive consequence and aggrandizement from that of the shocking courtezan.

En la rose je fleurie—"I flourish in the rose"—saith the Richmond coat-of-arms. In some, for we do not observe it in all the coats of the Holland family, one of the foxes that support it has a rose in his mouth. Is this a sly allusion to the Fox that stole Lady Caroline Lenox?*

But the most edifying instance of prosperity which occurred to this mistress of Charles II., was a portrait painted of her and her little Duke in the characters of the "Madonna and Child!" It was executed, Mrs. Jameson informs us, "for a rich convent in France, and used as an altar-piece. It may account," she adds, "for this not singular piece of profaneness to remark, that the Duchessess was regarded at one time, by the most bigoted party in France, as a chosen instrument

* Evelyn's *Diary*, 8vo edit., Vol. iii. p. 59.

+ We find this rose neither in the plates to Collins's *Peerage*, nor in those of Sharp. But the curious reader may see it in the coat that forms the sign of the Holland Arms Tavern, in Kensington—an emblazonment that must have been done under the eyes of the family, if not from authority furnished by them.

of Heaven for the conversion of the King of England and his people."*

After "confusions worse confounded" like these, what is to be said to those panegyrists of past times, who assert that the world is in want of no better first principles than such as the expediencies of this or that age can supply, Catholic expediencies in particular! Heaven, say we, defend us alike from the expediencies of Mr. Evelyn, and from those of his dreadful Duchess; from the convents of old France, and the ruffian license of new; and from whatsoever mistakes of custom for principle, and of no principles at all for final enlightenment, may lie in the way of the recognition of that only beautiful love, which neither sensualist nor formalist have ever yet shown that they understand.

The Duchess of Portsmouth was of a noble but impoverished family in Brittany; and it is well observed by Mrs. Jameson, that "she was not more than nineteen when, by the interest of some relations in power, she was taken from the convent to which the poverty of her house had first consigned her, apparently for life, and at once introduced to all the pleasures and temptations of a magnificent and dissipated court: her introduction took place at a critical moment, and, in deciding her future fate, has made her destiny and character matter of history."[†] Evelyn describes her as having a "baby" face. In truth, notwithstanding her prosperity, she, too, in a negative sense of the word, was a victim—a victim to the bigotry of one extreme, and the license of another; for how much nobler prosperity might not the original innocence of her nature have attained to? But in respect to the knowledge of some of the most important elements of its welfare, the world had not yet arrived at years of discretion; and that it has still to arrive, subsequent histories but too plainly show.

Exit the mighty and high-born princess, the Lady Renée de Penencourt de Queroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth and Aubigny, mistress of his Sacred Majesty King Charles the Second, trumpeted by heralds, made way for by lords temporal and spiritual, blushed at and bowed to by Mr. Evelyn, living and dying in luxury, and buried in honour,—and enter George Anne Bellamy, an actress, mistress of an army-agent, as much admired for beauty in her time as the duchess, quite as luxurious, but not quite so fortunate, reduced to the want of a shilling, and tempted to the meditation of suicide. We must first, however, look back a little, while she was living luxuriously in this same Parliament-street, through which she is now passing with that intention.

George Anne Bellamy was the supposed natural daughter of Lord Tyrawley, a well-known diplomatist in the reign of George the Second, who is alluded to by Pope for the strong resemblance he bore, in one respect, to the royal friend of the duchess; namely, his keeping a seraglio.

His lordship's companions are called by the poet, "Tyrawley's crew." His house in Stratton-street, his daughter tells us, "had much more the appearance of a Turkish seraglio than the mansion of an English nobleman." We have seen how much this must have resembled the palace at Whitehall. George Anne's mother, who had been one of the crew, died; so did his lordship; and the daughter, who represents herself as having been supplanted in his affections, took to the stage for a living, was not without talents for it, excited admiration by her beauty, and was pursued by the loungers behind the scenes, to one of whom she became no unwilling victim. She was also, however, a victim of circumstances. She was horribly brought up; was vain, thoughtless, had neither father nor mo-

ther, properly speaking; was at the mercy of her senses and her triumphs; and who was to save her? The famous actor, Quin, tried to do so for a while, but he was forced by her self-will to give her up. She had a succession of "protectors," who either abandoned her or forced her to abandon them, all owing, she tells us, to their own faults; but the involuntary candour of her egotism betrays a different story; she discloses a fund of luxuriousness, anger, and revenge; and while we see and pity her better qualities, which lay on the side upon which she was weakest (her love of expense), we really can discern no reason for taking her word on the subject of any one accusation which she brings. Nevertheless, had this poor foolish soul possessed but one advantage which the Duchess of Portsmouth possessed, the command of money, we equally see no reason why she might not have been as flourishing, and as much admired to the last, as that lucky sister in frailty.

Instead of this, she came to such a pass of misery, after having lived and rioted in some of the gayest circles of her time (from which the first Fox alluded to was not absent), that one night she took the resolution of drowning herself at Westminster-bridge. She did not do it, for she says she was prevented at the last moment by overhearing the lamentation of another woman on the spot, who was more miserable than herself; but the circumstances are told in such a manner as to lead us to believe the fact. She gave this woman her only remaining halfpence, and remounted the steps of the bridge with a cheerful penitence.

What finally became of her, we cannot say; but as we hear nothing tragical, it is to be concluded that she made the usual end of such persons,—in obscurity and distress. Now here was another victim to the immaturity of social knowledge. We do not say it, God knows, in disparagement of the first views of nature regarding us all, which we believe to be equally desirable and noble; but merely in order to deepen and hasten our thoughts on the subject, and so help to work them out the sooner. Here is a woman who, with all her advantages of person and cleverness, had neither training when a child, nor safeguards when grown up, nor a community that knew how to relieve her from the consequences of having had a father to whom it gave too much licence, and a mother in whom it probably encouraged no retrieval of error.

We will take the bitterness of such reflections out of the mind of the reader, by giving one extract from Miss Bellamy's volumes, which is of a very different description, and brings us acquainted with a truly noble human creature. We allude to an anecdote which she relates of Edward, sixth Lord Digby, a nobleman of a family which was already illustrious in many respects, and celebrated by poets and historians, and to which this story has added the beauty of amiableness. This Lord Digby, who unfortunately died not long afterward in consequence of his partaking, beyond his customary habit, of some well-meant hospitalities, was a friend of Calcraft, the army agent, to whom the fair biographer was at the time supposed to be married; and he had lodged at one time in the house which he is here described as visiting. So he is the person of whom the reader must be chiefly thinking, should he happen to go down Parliament-street.

"Lord Digby," says the supposed Mrs. Calcraft, "came often to Parliament-street; and as I had, by this means, an opportunity of observing his conduct, I could not help remarking a singular alteration in his demeanour and dress, which took place during the great festivals. At Christmas and Easter he was more than usually grave, and then always had on an old shabby blue coat. I was led, as well as many others, to conclude that it was some affair of the heart which caused this periodical singularity. And this was no improbable supposition.

* *Memoirs of the Beauties of the Court of Charles II., with their Portraits, &c.* Second Edition, Vol. ii. p. 171.

[†] *Beauties*, as above, p. 143.

"Mr. Fox, who had great curiosity, wished much to find out his nephew's motive for appearing at times in this manner, as, in general, he was esteemed more than a well-dressed man." Upon his expressing an inclination to that purpose, Major Vaughan and another gentleman undertook to watch his lordship's motions. They accordingly set out; and observing him to go towards St. George's Fields, they followed him at a distance, till they lost sight of him near the Marshalsea prison.

"Wondering what could carry a person of his lordship's rank and fortune to such a place, they inquired of the turnkey, if a gentleman (describing him) had not entered the prison. 'Yes, masters,' exclaimed the fellow, with an oath; 'but he is not a man, he is an angel. For he comes here twice a year, sometimes oftener, and sets a number of prisoners free. And he not only does this, but he gives them sufficient to support themselves and their families till they can find employment. This,' continued the man, 'is one of his extraordinary visits. He has but a few to take out to-day.' 'Do you know who the gentleman is,' inquired the Major. 'We none of us know him by any other marks,' replied the man, 'but by his humanity and his blue coat.'

The gentlemen, having gained this intelligence, immediately returned and gave an account of it to Mr. Fox. As no man possessed more humanity (of which I have already given a proof) than the Secretary-at-War, the recital afforded him exquisite pleasure. But fearing his nephew might be displeased at the illicit manner in which the information had been obtained, he requested that we would keep the knowledge of it a profound secret." +

This "profound secret," (having, of course, particularly vowed that she would keep it,) the fair biographer made a point of divulging, and, of course also, to Lord Digby himself; and the next time he went about his work of charity, she boasts of having accompanied him, at his request, and seen him rescue near thirty souls from imprisonment, restoring them, at the same time, to their friends and families, and giving them means to set them going in their respective occupations.

We believe that such deeds are more common than the world supposes; but when they are thus met with, who that reads of them can refrain from repeating the record? It may be questioned, and honestly questioned, whether such modes of relieving necessity are the best. But it may also be dishonestly questioned; and readers will agree with us in thinking, that if all the questioners acted with equal practical benevolence, to the best of their convictions, the world would soon be in a state of very accelerated improvement.

A TRUE PROOF OF LOVE.

The delight of being with her, near her, was like no other delight. And in her, also, this same feeling remained unchanged; she, too, could not withdraw herself from the dominion of this sweet necessity. After the resolution which for ever divided them, no less than before it, an indescribable, almost magical power of attraction, exerted itself in each towards the other. If they were in the same room, it was not long ere they stood, they sat, near each other. Nothing but the nearest nearness could tranquillize them—and this tranquillized them fully. It was enough that they were near: not a look—not a word—not a gesture—not a movement was needed; nothing—but to be together. For they were not two human beings; they were one—one lapsed in an unconscious, absolute delight, satisfied with itself and with the world. Nay, had one of them been forcibly detained at a remote part of the house, the other would have followed, step by step, without plan or premeditation. To them, life was a riddle, whose solution they could only find when they were together.—*Goethe*.

* The mother of Lord Digby was a daughter of Evelyn's friend, Sir Stephen Fox, who had children at a very advanced age.

+ *Apology*, as above, Vol. iii. p. 66.

ON BEING IN LOVE.

BY JOHN ACKERLOS.

"DEPEND upon it, sir," said a gentleman to me one day,—"depend upon it, there is logic of the heart as well as of the intellect!" Courtesy forbade the reply that rose to my lips—For Heaven's sake, never write it down! But, though unuttered, the wish was not the less felt. Imagine, ye that have loved, that love still, your fond emotions classified and categorised, with inferences and deductions; so that, with a given premise, one could prove, infallibly, rejection or its reverse. Your vague hopes, the wild dreams, the delicious palpitations, the throbbing, blood-felt, passionate longings, realisations, disappointments—dissected, arranged, reduced to a system. Depend upon it, I say, that the syllogisms of the heart, if my friend should write them, would be the silliest product of the human intellect.

Let us keep logic to its sphere; let it reign omnipotent over the casuistries, the lawyeries of life, but let it never enter life's holiest of holies, the poetries of existence, in their acted strength. It is not even successful in its attempts in that beautiful dilution of life's poetries, the intangible music of its gifted singers; how, then, shall it succeed with the living, palpable, tangible, root and base from which these spring? We have had Logics of Poetry, but they have not succeeded. Lord Jeffrey tried the logical method of criticism, instead of the emotional and synthetic, and pronounced that the "Excusim" "would never do," and that the "Ode" of the same poet, was unintelligible. The whole art of Poetry has appeared, with rhyming dictionaries; thus placing the machinery of the art in the hands of all men. But, somehow or other, the Poet starts up from his own uncategorised region of musing and wonder, defies the logic, and wins the Bays. Nor, when the divine flame is kindled in the heart, and all that was dearest in the old days of romance awaken anew for us to illuminate the prose of commerce; and though saint-worship be no more, golden aureoles play for us from the white brows of a more than saint: do we desire to know *why* this is, whence it cometh, or whither it goeth. Let the dear sensation wander at its own sweet will, it cannot wash the waste meadows of our life without cheering and delighting. Life is the highest fact, and yet it has no logic nor philosophy, nor can have; its origin and its ending are as blank wonderland to us at this day, as they were to the first man.

Youth is the season for Love, as it is the period when the impulses are most readily obeyed; and love will have a despotic sway, and never remain to argue with those who cavil at his vehement decrees. A man who has not loved till middle age, has never loved, can never love. He has walked under life's fairest portico, and not noticed but that it was the common archway of an ordinary bye-path or alley. He has perambulated the golden Italy, without discovering that the skies are bluer, the air freer, and the sun more golden, than skies, air, and sun in a London suburb. Alas! for such a one; he has kept his talent in the ground, how shall he meet his master when the day arrives? The fig-tree that bore no fruit was cursed and withered; the plant that does not flower is cast away; the tree that puts forth no boughs and leaves, but only makes dull, straggling root-work underneath the soil, is felled and burnt. Human beings have their leaves, and fruits, and flowers, not useless because beautiful, but as useful as the dusky bark and roots, and the gardener will not bear with them if they neglect to blossom in their season; and Love is their crowning flower,—the perfect blush-tinted camelia whose home is the breast of Beauty.

That Love is blind may be true in the lowest sense,

but it is false in the highest. It strikes blindfold, at hap-hazard, and it spoils our vision for the trade-routines of our existence, and thus is blind: but, as regards the immortal element within us, Love is its great illuminator; the synthesis that connects soul and body, and merges them together into happy co-operation; the force that arrests the useless curvetings of the soul's sun-steeds, and subdues them to useful toil. The story of Cymon is true to all times. It is repeated every day, every hour, in Greece, and Italy, and England. The altar lies ready, the dry faggots are piled upon it, but it has no fire. The bystanders make mock at it; it stands upon the hill, the common subject for the jokes for the surrounding hinds. Suddenly Love smites, the fire descends, the altar radiates with the loveliest flame, and applauding features of the quondam mockers glow in the reflection of its light and heat. It is the great second birth, happier than the first, of our secular being.

The image of his father skulks about the house an awkward, ill-conditioned hobbledehooy. His stature is that of a man, but, as they say of horses, he is not "pulled together." He slouches along an inveterate sloven; trailing his *disjecta membra* with him, as though there were a mutiny in the corps. He has no settled pursuits, no fixed habits; he will play ball this hour, and try Kant's Metaphysics the next. He rambles purposelessly along the road of life, attracted to this side or to that as the humour rules him, like a horse that has quietly abandoned his driver, and saunters on nowhither, cropping the hedges on left and right. "James is a good young man," his friends say, "but —" somehow or other he is not a man at all yet! This to-day; and to-morrow, as if by magic, he is quite transformed. He stands erect, is neat and scrupulous in his attire; the words roll from his throat decisively; five years, in his appearance, have rolled over him in a single day. What he is to be in life he now settles resolutely, even impetuously, down to; the frivolous is cast aside; life has a purpose, a goal is before him, and he strikes out manfully towards it, regardless of any opposition at home or abroad. I am a man now, on my own account, father, and mother, and sister, he seems to say, and no more the raw lad I was. Know that, respectfully as ever I bid you, but know it you must. And the wizard whose sleight of hand had caused this, is Love. Bright eyes have lit up his heart with light, so that he can see, and know, and be himself.

Well do I remember how it fared with me in that momentous epoch. I was then a humble clerk in the great mercantile establishment of Messrs. Phussy and M'Tentie, earning my livelihood by the headache of my brow and the cramp of my fingers. As regards any wide and elevating appreciation of life, of the divine inheritance of natural and artistic and poetic beauties, to which every living soul is heir, if he will it so, I was as completely blinded as the goggled horse of the sand-mill. I went my daily round of grinding net-balances out of numerical labyrinths, and of extorting enthusiasm and blue-fire from Byron and my own heated, feverish brain in my chamber at home, with punctilious regularity. I kept ledgers as I should have broken stones, had I been put to it, because I had not eyes to see on either side of me, and had no resource but to do that which was set before me. A studious disposition saved me from a vicious life. But it bred isolation, and Byron fostered it into defiant misanthropy. I prided myself on my indifference to society, my contempt for women and their pursuits, my red-and-black inked middle finger, my ultra-Johnsonian manners in company, and my desire for a romantic crime in an Eastern country, and a violent death. One evening I met Lucy B—, and from the first moment of our meeting, I was bound

thrall to her large, lustrous eyes. Heavens! what a change in our misanthropic clerkship! The ink-tints vanished from my finger. The porters in Messrs. Phussy's establishment divided my old apparel among them. I expended all my savings in one half-hour at the best tailor's Cottontropolis afforded. I was almost a dandy. Then my eyes were opened to my poetic idol, and myself a lover, I saw the unreality of the loves of Conrad and the "lone Caloyer." And when I was an accepted lover! it was as though I had for the first time been aware of the great central sun that floods forth radiance from tree, and hill, and meadow. The universe was so full of joy and glory, that

"There seemed no room for sense of wrong."

Who loves one loves all, or else he loves not. Love's symbol is a ring, and it must encircle all nature, or it is vain as "sounding brass or tinkling cymbal." I loved the beggars in the streets; I loved the merchants in the mart; I bowed down in love and worship to the proud sweep of the rich-robed ladies in the promenade. From the hour when first I beheld the eyes of Lucy B—, I date my true existence. Lucy lived in another county away from Cottontropolis, in the little ancient town of Snobbifowx, and it was necessary to my existence that I should make frequent pilgrimages thither. I therefore began to take a deep interest in railways, and acquired, in my journeys to and fro, all the mechanical and engineering knowledge I possess. I deemed these things before unpoetical, unromantic; but I then was led to see that the railway is the epic of the age; and that Poetry is to be found in mud hovels, and amid the whirl of spindles. How could I ramble about the streets of the town where Lucy dwelt, and not feel curious concerning its history? I did feel curious, and I did satiate that curiosity; and now one of my chief delights is in exploring the little tributaries of local history till they merge in the great stream of National story. I must take Lucy some love-token; and, as she liked flowers, flowers I generally took. I had never cared anything for botany, nor for floriculture, but now I began to love them for pleasing her: I studied how to arrange them tastefully, and soon grew to love them for themselves, and to have a sense of grace and beauty, unfelt before. So that I now can feel how a flower, or a mere painting of a flower, beautifies the heart and enriches our existence imperceptibly, but surely. Then, again, could Lucy smile, or sigh, or throw back her black hair from her white brow, and I not seek to interpret it, to dress it in a poetic garb for wonder and love. Hence, I learned to use my eyes wisely, and to be catholic. The little amenities of female life were no longer subjects for gruff scorn or heartless sneers. I could perceive a beauty in their conceits, their foibles, their very faults; and if I ridiculed, still I loved them all the more, for true humour never exists apart from love. Thus, in falling in love with Lucy B—, I learned to appreciate aesthetic beauty, to sympathize with all my fellow-creatures, to observe human nature, and interpret tolerantly; and, I may add, to see that I was a link in the transmission of humanity from the Beginning to the End, and to appreciate and feel the dignity and responsibility of that situation.

I was made a better man, but a worse clerk for the time. Instead of writing of "To balance in hand," I not unfrequently varied the cash-book with "Yours ever affectionately"; and instead of a long firm appearing in elaborate text, at the top of the ledger-folios, Lucy B— would stand out in all the glories of large hand, to the annoyance of Phussy, the fun of my fellow-labourers, and my own discomposure. Sometimes I would write love-letters in business hours, and leave their exact transcript on my desk on the blotting-paper. But if love increased my clerical difficulties, it also armed me against their effects. Formerly, I had

been a slave to the firm, a slave in my very heart. I shivered when M'Tentie had to talk with me, in his deliberate coolness, in that ice-house of a private office; and trembled with agony whenever I heard Phussy's heavy boots creaking up the staircase. But now I regarded the whole firm with no more awe than I did the sign board over the way, that set forth names whose owners had no jurisdiction over me. What was their wrath to me? Do what they would, they could but turn me out of their little-liked establishment; and I knew that there was a fair woman who would throw her ivory arms about me, and wander with me to the world's end, and this knowledge enabled me to stand erect before them, and look calmly in their once-dreaded eyes. In such places subordination means servility. How could Lucy love a mean, servile, time-server; how could I be servile and dare to love Lucy? I ceased to be so, and my connection with Phussy and M'Tentie ceased as well. I lost thereby perpetual headache, cramp in the hand, eight hours daily penmanship, and an annual stipend of eighty pounds. I gained—what did I gain? I gained, among other things, the privilege of treating you, dear reader, to a monologue on what you, perhaps, understand as well as I, and of being voted by you a bore, for my remittance.

New Books Speaking for Themselves.

HENRY SMEATON: A JACOBITE STORY OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE THE FIRST. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. Newby.

THE EAGLE LET LOOSE.

"I think I shall go back," said Richard Newark. "I am tired of this work. I'll go back and have a gossip with Emmy."

"Do not be rash, Dick," replied the father, holding up his finger, with a smile. "Remember, slow degrees at first! You do not scare birds that you want to drive into a net."

He laughed, and saying, "Oh, I'll not be rash," turned his horse's head, and cantered quickly away. When he had gone about a couple of miles, however, he fell into deep thought, took his feet out of the stirrup, let the reins drop on the horse's neck, and, for more than half an hour, proceeded at a walk. Then, as if suddenly rousing himself, he whistled a bit of a light air, put his horse into a quick pace again, and rode on to the Manor House.

It was very usual with Richard to stand in the stable yard after a ride, till he had seen saddle and bridle removed, and the horse rubbed down; but now he left his beast immediately in the hands of the groom, and walked across the court till he came to a place where a large Irish eagle was chained to a heavy perch. The bird was fierce and untameable; but Richard approached it without fear, and took hold of the padlock on its leg. He had hardly done so, when it struck him with its bill more than once; but he proceeded bodily till he had unfastened the chain from its leg, and given it a vehement push from the perch. The bird instantly took wing and soared into the sky. Richard Newark laughed aloud, and, without looking after it, wiped some drops of blood from his forehead, and walked into the house. He pursued his way quietly through the passages, looked into the lesser and the greater saloon, and then, mounting the stairs, walked up to the door of Emmeline's sitting-room. There he paused a moment; and then, murmuring, "What a fool I am! but I knew that long ago," he opened the door without knocking and went in. Emmeline was seated near the window, gazing down upon the woods below; but she turned instantly at her cousin's step, and started up, exclaiming—

"What is the matter, Richard? What has happened? The blood is streaming down your face!"

"Nothing at all has happened, Emmy dear," replied Richard. "Only, as often occurs in this world, a friend took me for an enemy and pecked my pate. Come here and sit down, and I will tell you all about it, though there is nothing worth hearing to tell. Sit down here, Emmy," he continued, again wiping away the blood. "There, put yourself in that chair, and I will sit on the stool at your feet, as I used to do before they sent me to school to see what part of my brain was sound."

"But what have you been doing, Richard?" said Emmeline, seating herself as he desired her.

"Nothing but giving liberty to an eagle," replied the boy; "and he pecked me while I was unchaining his foot."

"Oh, you should not have done that, Dickon," said his fair companion. "Your father will be angry."

"Why so?" demanded the lad. "The bird was mine. He was given to me; and I had a right to do what I liked with him. Well, Emmy," he continued, after a moment or two, "we have heard nothing of Smeaton; and a dull ride I have had of it. So I left my daddy to trot on his way, and come back."

Emmeline was silent; for she did not wish to speak upon the subject of her lover at all; but Richard went on in a rambling sort of tone, saying,—

"Ay, dull enough it was; and while we were waiting for Tom Higham's coming back, my father had some serious conversation with me, as he calls it. I hate serious conversation, Emmy."

"But you should always attend to what your father says to you, Richard," observed Emmeline; "and do everything he tells you, which is right."

The last words were uttered after a moment's pause, and in a lower tone.

"Very true," replied Richard, half laughing. "What you say is always true, Emmy; but the worst of it is—I suppose the soft place in my brain prevents it—my father and I can never agree upon what is quite right. The fact is, dear girl, I see one side, and he sees the other, as the old story book has it; and if one side is black, and the other side is white, we can never agree in opinion. Do you know what he was telling me to do?"

"No, indeed," answered Emmeline, "I cannot conceive."

"Why, he was telling me," said Richard, looking down and speaking in an absent manner—"he was telling me that he intended me to marry you, and you to marry me; that it must be; that the fate and fortune of us both depended on it."

Emmeline trembled violently; and, as the shoulder of Richard Newark rested against her arm, he felt how much agitation his words produced. The moment after, Emmeline felt his hand laid gently upon hers, and she asked, in a low voice, "What did you say to him, Richard?"

"Nothing much to the purpose," replied Richard; "for he set all my thoughts rambling and galloping like huntsmen at the field-halloo. I laughed and talked as if I had been very happy; but I was thinking all the time, Emmeline. First, I thought (what I never thought of before) how very happy it would be to marry you—and how you might make anything you liked of me—and what a changed being I should be, if you were my wife—and how dearly I should love you—and how I do love you—and a great many other foolish things,—nay, don't shake, dear Emmy! there is no fear with your own poor Dick."

"I am not afraid, Dick," responded Emmeline, pressing the hand he had laid upon hers; "for I know right well that, whatever faults your head may have, your heart has none."

"That's a good girl," returned Richard Newark;—"Well, I thought a great deal more still. After all these foolish things had had their gallop, I thought I would not marry you for the whole world; or if all the kings and queens in the world were to try and force us."

"Indeed, Richard!" said Emmeline, with a faint smile; "you had good reasons, doubtless."

"To be sure I had," replied the lad; "in the first place, I know that I am not worthy of you, that I am not fit for you. In the next place, I know that you would not like it; that you love another; and that, if you were driven to marry me, you would always be thinking of him, and loving him, and not me. I should be your jailor, and not your husband; and I should be wretched too, for I should be always dying after your thoughts, like a sparrow-hawk after a lark, to see if you were not thinking of your lover all the time. You know you love him, Emmy. You love him very well, very dearly; and I do not wonder at you."

The rosy colour that spread over her face, and neck, and forehead, would have been sufficient answer; but she said in a low, though distinct tone, "I do."

There was a pause of a moment or two, and then Richard said, "What a fool I should be, Emmeline—a greater fool than I am! and that is bad enough—if I suffered my wits to be set wool-gathering by any more nonsense about ever marrying you, or putting Smeaton out of my head. But

still, Emmy," he continued, in a tender tone, "you will love me after a sort—as you always have—as a kind friend, as a sister."

"Indeed I will, Richard," exclaimed Emmeline, earnestly; "and love you all the better for your conduct this day. Now I know what you mean by setting the eagle free: you would fain set Smeaton free of all difficulties if you could."

"No, dear Emmy," pursued Richard; "I did not exactly mean that. Indeed, I do not clearly know that I meant anything; but, as I rode homeward, and thought how happy you might be if people left you to do just what you liked, I wished to help you to do so—to make you quite free; and then, when I saw the poor eagle in the court, I thought how happy he would be if he could soar away in the skies again at his own pleasure; and then the thought came across me of what my father would say if I unchained the bird's leg; and I answered myself, that I had a right—that the bird was mine—that he had been given to me, and so had you; and, therefore, I determined to set you both free. I do not know how it was; but, somehow, there seemed a likeness between your fate and his; though when he fluttered his wings, and struck at me as I unchained him, I said to myself, Emmeline will know better; and so she does."

"Indeed she does, Richard," replied Emmeline; "and she will never mistake you for an enemy."

Original Poetry.

THE DEFORMED CHILD.

By VINCENT LEIGH HUNT.

An angel, prison'd in an infant frame
Of mortal sickness and deformity,
Looks patiently from out that languid eye,
Matur'd, and seeming large with pain. The name
Of "happy childhood" mocks his movements tame,
So propp'd with piteous crutch; or forc'd to lie
Rather than sit, in its frail chair, and try
To taste the pleasure of the unshard'd game.
He does; and faintly claps his wither'd hands
To see how brother Willie caught the ball;
Kind brother Willie, strong yet gentle all;
'Twas he that plac'd him, where his chair now stands,
In that warm corner 'gainst the sunny wall.—
God, in that brother, gave him more than lands.

SECOND LIFE.

A DIRGE.

By R. H. HORNE.

OH, Flower of life and memory,
Who hang'st thy head in tears,
Rock-set above an ebbing sea
That bears away thy years;
Thou dream'st for ever on the past,
Forgetful that heaven's light,
Which from the darkness called thee forth,
Can still enchant thy sight.

Oh, Flower of life, and thrilling hope,
Once more uplift thy head!
New years are toiling up the slope—
They must not find thee dead.
Thou dost not hear—thine eyes are closed—
Odours and colours flee;—
Thy second life is not on earth,
Oh, Flower of memory!

EPIGRAM

ON THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

JONATHAN makes our books his own;
But his books we must leave alone,
He'd give no darn'd monarchic nation
The rights of Free Republication. — W. A.

The Weekly Nobelist.

No. VII.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT;

OR, THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

(Translated from the French for this Journal.)

IN 1800 there was, in the 12th regiment of the line, then garrisoned in Strasburg, a sergeant called Pierre Pitois, who came from that half-wild, half-civilized portion of Burgundy known by the name of Morvan, and who was nicknamed by his comrades Pierre *avale-tout-crâ*. He was brave in every sense of the word, and, as they said in the regiment, a "tough customer." Even the first and the last exposed to the enemy's fire, it was believed that he only loved two things in the world—the smell of gunpowder and the whizzing of cannon balls. Those who had seen him in the battlefield, as with eager eye, fierce moustache, and distended nostrils, he rushed to the thickest of the fight, were wont to say that slaughter was Pierre's favourite pastime.

One day our friend Pierre addressed a letter to his colonel, in which he asked for leave to go and nurse his old mother, who was dangerously ill. He added that his father, who was seventy-eight years old, and paralytic, was unable to attend in the least to the wants of his poor wife. He promised to return as soon as the old woman's health was re-established.

The colonel, in reply, sent word to Pierre Pitois, that as the regiment might receive orders to enter the field at any moment, leave of absence was not to be hoped for.

Pierre Pitois made no complaint.

A fortnight elapsed; the colonel received a second letter.

Pierre informed him that his mother had died of grief, in consequence of not having had her son at her side; as a good and tender parent, she would have wished to bestow her last blessing upon him. Pierre again solicited a month's leave of absence. He stated that he could not make known the motive of his request—it was a family secret. He earnestly implored his colonel not to refuse him this favour.

Pierre's second letter had no more success than the first; only the poor fellow's captain said to him—

"Pierre, the colonel has received thy epistle. He is sorry that thy aged mother is dead, but he cannot grant thee the permission thou hast asked, for to-morrow the regiment quits Strasburg."

"Ha! the regiment leaves Strasburg; and pray, captain, whither is it going?"

"Into Austria; we are going to Vienna, my brave Pitois. We are going to fight the Austrians. Art thou not glad of this? I know thou art; there thou wilt be in thy element, my fine fellow."

Pierre Pitois made no answer: he seemed absorbed in deep meditation. The captain, taking his hand and shaking it vigorously, said—"I say, art deaf to-day? I tell thee that within a week thou wilt have the good fortune to fight the Austrians, and thou dost not even thank me for the good news! And thou even pretendest not to hear me."

"Oh, yes, captain, I have heard you perfectly, and I thank you heartily for these tidings, which I think excellent."

"That's right."

"And so, captain, there is no means of obtaining this leave of absence?"

"Art thou mad? Leave on the eve of battle?"

"I forgot that . . . We are on the eve of battle. At such a time no leave is granted."

"No; nor even asked for!"

"True . . . No one even asks for it; it would look like cowardice; therefore, I shall forbear asking for it again; I shall do without it."

"That will be well."

The next day, the 12th regiment entered Germany. The following day, Pierre Pitois deserted.

Three months after, whilst the 12th regiment, after having reaped in the plains of Wagram a rich harvest of glory, made its triumphal entry into Strasburg, Pierre Pitois was ignominiously brought back to his corps, by a brigade of gendarmerie.

Shortly after, a court-martial was held. Pierre Pitois was accused of having deserted at the very time that his regiment was going to face the enemy.

This court presented an extraordinary aspect. On one side there was the accuser, who said,—“Pierre Pitois, you, one of the bravest soldiers of the army, on whose breast glitters the star of honour; you, who have never incurred either a punishment or merited a reproach from your officers, it is impossible that you should have deserted your regiment—almost on the eve of battle—without having been impelled by some powerful motive. This motive, the court desires to know: for it would rejoice to be enabled, if not to acquit you—for that it cannot, it may not do—but at least to recommend you to the clemency of the Emperor.” On the other hand, the accused answered—“I have deserted without a reason, without a motive. I do not repent; were it to do again, I would do it. I have deserved to die; condemn me!” Then came witnesses, who said—“Pierre Pitois has deserted; we know it, but cannot believe it.” Others said—“Pierre Pitois is mad; the court cannot condemn madman. He should not be sentenced to death, but to confinement in a lunatic asylum.”

The latter opinion nearly prevailed, for there was no member of the court who did not look upon the desertion of Pierre Pitois as one of those singularities beyond the reach of human probability, which no one understands, but which every one admits. Nevertheless, the accused appeared so simple, so logical in demanding a conviction; avowing his guilt with such audacious frankness; incessantly repeating that he did not regret it; and the firmness which he exhibited had so much the appearance of bravado, that no loophole was left for clemency. The sentence of death was pronounced.

When the judgment of the court was read to him, Pierre Pitois did not wince. He was strongly urged to sue for mercy, but he refused.

As everybody conjectured that there was some mystery at the bottom of this affair, it was decided that the execution of Pierre Pitois should be delayed. The prisoner was reconducted to his cell: he was informed that, as an especial favour, he was allowed three days to present his petition for pardon: he shrugged his shoulders and made no answer.

In the middle of the night preceding the day fixed for his execution, the door of Pierre's prison was gently opened, and a lieutenant of the young guard advanced to the side of the pallet on which the prisoner slept, and after having contemplated him for some time, awoke him. Pierre Pitois stared wildly around, and said,—“Ah! the hour is come... At last!”

“No, Pierre,” answered the other, “the hour is not yet come, but it will soon strike.”

“Well, and what do you want?”

“Pierre, thou knowest me not, but I know thee. I have seen thee at Austerlitz, where thou didst behave like a brave man. Since that day, Pierre, I have entertained for thee a sincere and lively esteem. On my arrival yesterday at Strasburg, I heard of thy crime and of thy condemnation. The gaoler being a relation of mine, I have gained access to thy cell to say,—Pierre, those who are about to die often regret not having by their side, a friend to whom they can open their hearts, and entrust the fulfilment of some holy duty. If thou wilt—let me be that friend.”

“Thanks, comrade,” answered Pierre abruptly.

“Hast thou nothing to confide to me?”

“Nothing.”

“What! not an adieu for thy betrothed—for thy sister?”

“A betrothed?... A sister?... I never had either.”

“For thy father?”

“He is no more. He died two months ago in my arms.”

“For thy mother?”

“For my mother?”... said Pierre, whose voice suddenly trembled with emotion,—“for my mother!... Ah! comrade, pronounce not her name, for that word I have never heard. I have never even whispered it to my heart, without being moved like a child. And at this moment, it seems to me that if I spoke of her...”

“Well?”

“I should weep... And to weep becomes not a man! To weep,” he continued in an excited tone,—“to weep, when I have only a few hours more to live; ah! that would be weakness!”

“Thou art too severe, comrade. I am possessed of as much firmness as any man, and, nevertheless, I should not be ashamed to shed tears while speaking of my mother.”

“Indeed!” said Pierre, warmly grasping the hand of the lieutenant; “you are a man and a soldier, and would you not blush to weep?”

“While thinking of my mother? Assuredly not. She is so good, she loves me so much, and I love her so dearly in return!”

“She loves you? You love her?... Oh! then I will tell you all, my heart is full and must be unburthened, and however strange the sentiments which animate me may appear to you, you will not ridicule them, I am sure. Listen, then, for what you said just now is very true; happy is he who, dying, finds a heart in which he can confide.... Will you not listen to me? You will not laugh at me?”

“I hear thee, Pierre.... The man who is about to die can only excite commiseration and sympathy.”

“You must know, then, that since I can remember, there is only one person whom I ever loved—my mother.... But her I have loved as man never loved—with all my energy, with all my soul. When a child, I read in her eyes the affection which mine fondly reflected: I divined her thoughts, she knew mine. We were all in all to one another. I have never had either sweetheart or mistress; I have never had any friends. Therefore, when I was called to serve my country, when I was told that I must leave my mother, I was seized with frantic despair, and declared that even were violence resorted to they should not tear me alive from her side. With one word, the holy and courageous woman changed all my resolves: ‘Pierre,’ said she, ‘you must depart; I command you.’ I knelt down and said to her, ‘Mother, I will go.’ ‘Pierre,’ she continued, ‘thou hast been a good son, and I thank God for it; but there are other duties than those of a son, which a man has to fulfil. Every citizen owes himself to his country; she calls upon thee,—obey! Thou art going to be a soldier; from that moment thy life is no longer thine own, it is thy country's. If her interests demand it, do not hesitate to expose it. If it should be God's will that thou shouldst die before me, I should mourn thee with the bitterest anguish of my soul; but I should say—“The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!” Go, then, and if thou lovest me, do thy duty!’ Oh! I have treasured up the words of this holy woman. ‘Do thy duty,’ she said; a soldier's duty is to obey always and everywhere: always and everywhere I have obeyed. Furthermore, it consists in encountering peril, without hesitation, without reflection; this also have I done. Those who saw me thus heedless of the enemy's fire, said, ‘There is a brave fellow.’ With more reason might

they have exclaimed, 'There is a man who loves his mother!'

"One day a letter reached me, informing me that the poor dear woman was ill. I wished to go to see her; I asked for leave, it was refused. I remembered her last words—'If thou lovest me, do thy duty!' I did not murmur. Shortly after, I heard that she was dead... Oh! then I lost all command over myself. At all hazards, regardless of all consequences, I wished to return home. Whence came this lively and irresistible desire once again to behold the spot where my mother had just breathed her last? I will confess it to you; and as you have a mother, as you love her, as she loves you, you will understand me..."

"We peasants of Morvan are a simple and credulous people: we have neither the instruction nor the enlightenment which they have in towns, but we have our beliefs, which the townspeople call our superstitions. What signifies the term? Be they superstitions or beliefs, we have them; and able, indeed, would he be who could eradicate them from our minds. You must know that one of the beliefs which has the greatest hold on us, is that which attributes to the first flower which blows on a grave, a virtue which bestows on him who plucks it the certainty of never forgetting the dead, and of never being forgotten by them. With such a dear and delightful belief, death is bereft of its terrors; for death without oblivion is but a calm sleep, it is only repose after long fatigues."

"I longed to see this flower spring up, I longed to pluck it. I started off!... After ten days' long and painful march, I arrived at my mother's grave. The earth seemed to have been recently turned—no flower had sprung up. I waited six weeks, when, at the dawn of a beautiful day, a little flower of an azure-blue expanded to my longing eyes. It was one of those flowers to which townspeople give the name of the myosotis; and which we, in the country, call Forget-me-not. In plucking it, I shed tears of joy, for I believed it to be the soul of my mother, who, feeling that I was beside her grave, returned to me in the form of this floweret."

"No ties retained me at home, for my father had soon followed my mother to the grave; and having plucked my precious flower, what could I want? I remembered my mother's counsel—'Do thy duty!' I sought out the gendarmes, and said—'I am a deserter, arrest me!'

"Now, I am going to die; and if, as you have assured me, I have in you a friend, I shall die without regret, for you will render me the service which I expect at your hands. This floweret, which I went to pluck on her grave at the peril of my life, is here in this locket, which I wear next my heart. Promise me to see that it is *there*, in my grave. It is the bond which unites me to my mother; and did I fear that it would be broken, I should die without courage. Say; will you promise to do what I ask?"

"I promise."

"Oh, give me your hand, that I may press it on my heart! You, who are so kind to me, I love you; and if God in his omnipotence were to restore me my life, I would devote it to you alone."

They parted. The next morning, Pierre Pitois was led to the place of execution; and just as the fatal sentence had been read, suppressed murmurs, then loud cries, ran through the crowd—"The Emperor!... It is the Emperor!... Long live the Emperor!..."

He appeared, dismounted from his horse; and with his short, quick step, walked straight up to the prisoner: "Pierre!" he said.

Pierre looked at him; he seemed as though he were going to speak; but he was struck with an indescribable stupor.

"Pierre," continued the Emperor, "recollect the words thou didst speak last night: God does restore

thee thy life; devote it not to me, but to France! She also is a good and worthy mother!... Love her as thou hast loved the other."

He was gone; and enthusiastic acclamations of affection rent the air.

A few years afterwards, Pierre, then a captain in the old guard, fell in the battle of Waterloo; and though mortally wounded, still found strength enough to cry out in a firm voice,—"Vive l'Empereur! Vive la France! Vive ma mère!"

THE WEDDING-RING.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

"We use the symbol of eternity."

I.

MANY years ago, a bright June sun shone into the little village of Carlineo, on the south coast of Cornwall, and brought the crowning cheerfulness to a long-expected morning. The villagers were soon astir, and greeted each other gaily in the level sunlight, that struck here and there across the broad steep street. At its foot, over the tops of a plantation, now noisy with birds, the waters of the creek were seen to wind glittering amidst their green islands; and higher still, as if hanging in air, the great smooth and misty sea stretched its line from east to west; vaguely bright, save where, at one point, a focus of radiance, it burned insufferable to the eye. At first look the vast expanse seemed empty, but, to more steady search, one and another phantom-like sail became disclosed.

To many a youth and maid in Carlineo, the sun, the air, the ocean, every natural beauty of this summer morning, seemed instinct with more than June's brightness; as if conscious of the wedding-day of the finest youth and the fairest maid in all the country round,—the long-betrothed Stephen and Phoebe. It would, I suppose, be untrue to say that there lurked in no heart a shade of envy or of disappointment; yet but a little portion of these feelings mingled with the general satisfaction; for the union of this pair had long been regarded and discussed among their numerous acquaintances as a settled matter. Their families had been mutually intimate since before the time when Stephen and Phoebe built sand-houses together on the shore, or wandered about in the glen behind the village—not without repeated warnings from their parents against venturing as far as the perilous region of the mines; and even those young people, who secretly wished that *one* of the names lately announced in church might have been different from what it was, were forced to own in public, that Stephen alone could have presumed to seek the hand of "Fair Phoebe," and that she, and no other, was Master Stephen's fitting mate.

"Master Stephen" he was called, for, by his talents, education, and integrity, he had attained, at a very early age, a position of responsibility in a large smelting house, situated at the head of Carlineo glen,—a small wooded valley which, after a descent of about five miles from the rough site of the tin mines, opened on the shore of the creek, where it gave its rivulet to mingle with the tide, and made room for the village along its western slope. Here, near the foot of the declivity, close to the narrow strand, and under the shadow of that grove which stands at the turn of the village street, lived fair Phoebe with her aunt—for Phoebe was an orphan—and her aunt was to move along with her when she went to her new home up the glen—the neat cottage that Stephen had himself planned and fitted up; situated about a mile lower down than the smelting-house, on a sort of grassy platform among trees, with a high bank behind it, from which one could see all down the valley to the ocean, closing up the end like a straight blue or grey wall. About a year before the time of which we are

now speaking, Phoebe's only brother and an elder sister of Stephen's had been married together, and their home stood not far away from Stephen's, but out of the glen on the moor above it.

Many were the happy journeys made by Stephen and Phoebe up and down this glen, in the days and evenings of their courtship; and the sweetness of every bird that sung to them from ashen or honeysuckle twig, the brightness of every bubble they watched floating down from some miniature cascade of the rivulet, the glory of every marvel of sunlight, and cloud, and coloured sky, and star and moonrise, open or leaf-veiled, became interwoven in the texture of their love; so gaining for what they gave, a glory ten thousand fold, the spirit of their transient beauty being absorbed (as our belief is) into the quality of eternal things.

But I must not linger in my story, for the hour of the wedding procession is come; nor may I spend many words in description even of that. All move on foot to the little old church; which does not stand in the village, but a good way off on the upper road; and which probably stood there, looking down over the fields and the inlet, when there was no village of Carlineo, but at most a roof or two visible on the shoulder of the slope. There is a "noise" of minstrels, who play at least heartily; there are numbers of miners in holiday clothing, and of maidens with gay ribbons and nosegays, that look as native to their bosoms as the blush to their cheeks or the sparkle to their eyes; and of older people, gravely cheerful; and of children, some stepping in orderly consciousness, some skirmishing continually from front to rear of the line of march, and others holding by hand or apron, or uplifted in motherly arms, among the groups that cluster along the wayside, and press from cottage doors. Thousands of blessings from lips old and young shower upon the bride and bridegroom.

The bridegroom walks admired of all, at once the best scholar, and the best hurler among the youth of three parishes; the brown gold curls fall thickly over a smooth cheek, now somewhat flushed; and though he seems, perhaps, to bear his head a little proudly, his look is gentle and open, and bright with perfect happiness. And could he be less than proud of her, the pride of all the country, village and glen, mine and moor,—Fair Phoebe, as they love to call her? Her long black lashes are declined, and no one can catch a single gleam of the soft grey eyes, with centres dark as her hair; which, exquisitely mild as is their look, seem always to gaze without effort straight into one's inmost thoughts: there is scarcely a heightened tinge in that complexion, which has been compared to cream in which the dropped juice of a red currant has almost disappeared: the long hair, soft and rich as black satin, is drawn back and wound into a rich drooping twine above her neck; and lightly on it lies the odorous garland of white roses, mingled with other flowers. Her straight and perfect form, with a girlish flexibility in every movement, for Fair Phoebe is but eighteen, from chaplet to flowing skirt is itself one "bright consummate flower."

O summer sun! shine on the bride with good omen till she enter the old church-porch; then peep in through the quaint little windows, like these people of the crowd for whom there is no room within, till she again emerge into full day, a happy wife!

Within, the ceremony proceeds; and the moment has arrived for sliding the symbolic ring on her taper finger, when, to his intense chagrin and confusion, the bridegroom discovers—that the ring has been left behind! Cannot one be borrowed from a bridesmaid,—from any one? No, no; Phoebe must not be married with a borrowed ring: what wife would consent to exchange her bridal ring? And that delicate circlet, for which he sent the girth of her finger to the Exeter jeweller, is now lying in its cottoned box, in the press

by his cottage fire-place. It is little more than two miles off across the fields, and a good runner can easily be back within the half hour. A dozen young men offer for the service; but Hugh, a bridesman, is chosen, and starts from the church door sped with a cheer from the crowd outside.

"Hugh is a quick lad," remarks an old man in the church, standing near the bride; "he will fetch it well nigh as fast as Master Stephen could himself." And why, Stephen thinks, should he not go himself? He is conscious of being in a somewhat ridiculous position; banter and suppressed laughter begin to fly round the wedding party; half an hour in such circumstances will be intolerable. Besides, is it certain that Hugh will be able to find what he goes for? Without further reflection, Stephen once more apologizes to the clergyman, whispers a word to Phoebe, kisses the hand on which he intends by-and-by to place the missing ring, and has vanished through the door. A louder cheer than before announces his start, and many eager eyes from the hillock on which the church stands watch his course until the rugged country shuts it from sight; and then many tongues discuss the probability of his winning the race from Hugh, and a score of petty wagers are laid.

How long half an hour can be! Yet why should Phoebe be anxious? It is natural for one who is almost within reach of a great happiness to dread the invisible hand of fate, and she knows that her anxiety is groundless. The clergyman says the half hour is past; they could not find the ring at once. Ten minutes more; and lo! here is Hugh, returning leisurely up the mound: he enters the church, looks round with a puzzled air, then asks for Stephen. "Stephen not come back?" What does this mean? What has happened? A crowd clusters round Hugh; many voices speak to him at once; while those who are farther off ask each other hurried questions, which no one can answer. At last this much is understood—Stephen and Hugh arrived at the house in the glen nearly together; Stephen flew direct to the spot where the ring lay, snatched it from its box, and set off on his return; Hugh retraced his steps somewhat hastily, and had seen nothing of Stephen since quitting the cottage.

For Heaven's sake, stand back! and let that window be opened, if possible. The bride has fainted on the steps of the little altar, and they are supporting her against the wooden rails. The white roses in her chaplet are warmer-coloured now than her cheeks; some of the rose-leaves have fallen, and lie scattered on the steps and on the floor.

The sun sinks gaily, and stretches his golden sceptre across the ocean, pointing straight to Carlineo; gaily flows the tide, rippling up the strand, and glittering in western beams; the fish leaps at the evening flies, and dimples the smooth water of the channel; and from the opposite side of the glen a flute-voiced cuckoo repeats her two soft notes over and over, till twilight deepens purple overhead, kindling into stars; and the night is calm and beautiful as ever night in June, since summer first visited the earth. But from that window, beside the shore, of a house shaded by the plantation which stands at the foot of the village street, no one looks out on the beauty of the night. Within, lies a weary form, with friendly watchers near it; the face is pale, the hair, black and soft as satin, is half fallen down; they have taken off the chaplet which lately rested there, and put it away to wither unregarded. Fair Phoebe breathes, but does not speak. Who shall tell her to-night that the search has been all in vain? Who shall tell her the same to-morrow, and to-morrow, with feebler and feeble attempts to keep hope alive? They shall not need to tell her; their silence is enough. And yet, for one more proof of how much the human heart can endure, fair Phoebe does not die.

II.

Fifty-five years have gone by. Fifty and five years, as we mortals measure the mystery of time. Carlineo is a much larger village now, almost a town; having prospered with the prosperity of the neighbouring mines. It has crept farther up the hill, and there are many more large houses; while from the midst of them springs the tall spire of a modern church. The old church was unroofed one stormy night a good many years ago; and having long been complained of as too small, was left a ruin, and the present edifice arose in the village. Thus human works change and pass away; but the people themselves far more quickly; for what are they now who some half century ago were the lads and lasses, the men and matrons of Carlineo?

It is a spring afternoon; and a number of children are at play on the shore of the creek; some building sand-houses, others otherwise amusing themselves. But from the rocks above is heard the voice of a mother, calling out that her boy and girl must come away, and that it is time for the rest to go home too; and accordingly most of the children break up their games, and scatter homeward in various directions. Three boys of them, brothers, climb the path that skirts the back of the houses, and then leads up into the moor; fine stout boys, the youngest eight, the eldest about fourteen, who think nothing of their four miles walk, twice every day; for they live in a small house on the high ground not far from the upper part of the glen, and come in every day to a school in the village. Besides their two sisters, who are grown up, and their father and mother, their old grandaunt lives in the house with them; about whom they have heard that, long ago, ever so long before any of them was born, she used to be called "Fair Phœbe"; which seems very odd, and not the less so because they have been warned against asking questions on the subject. They also know that their grandaunt never was married, and has lived a great while in the house. They are grandchildren, by the father's side, of Phœbe's brother and Stephen's sister; both long dead. Shortly before reaching their home, the boys' path, which hitherto wound amongst the blossoming furze scattered here and there in golden patches, descended into a sudden hollow or gully, communicating with the glen, and adding to the glen-rivulet a slender thread of water, which in summer was almost hidden by the grass. Whilst crossing this, they heard themselves loudly called to; and turning a little way to the left, found Charley Cox, a lad whom they knew, standing, in company with a man, at the foot of a tall grey rock, netted with ivy-fibres, which formed part of one side of the gully; and endeavouring in vain to induce a rough little terrier dog to enter a fissure in it, less than a foot in width, and about three feet in height, reaching down to the ground, but almost concealed by brambles. Charley told them that his terrier had run up into the chink by chance, and brought back some queer-looking thing in his mouth, which on examination looked like a hat-band, very wet and dirty, to which was attached an old fashioned metal clasp, so tarnished that one could not tell exactly what it was made of: there it lay, they could look at it themselves; and what he wanted now was that Bob, the youngest of the boys,—who, Charley said, was no coward, he knew,—should try to make his way into the fissure in the rock. After some of the brambles had been torn and trampled down, and two or three stones dragged away from the entrance, it was found that Bob (who was, in truth, a very manly little fellow), bending his knees and keeping his elbows close to his body, could manage to squeeze in sideways. Charley had asserted that he would have more room when once fairly in, and this was soon confirmed by a hollow voice from the invisible Bob, and then the anxious party at the opening could hear his cautious

feet splashing on the wet floor of the passage still farther up. In a little while the footsteps returned, and then Bob's voice sounded again, startlingly close to them; and, lastly, Bob himself squeezed out into the air, looking very much flurried, as well as soiled all over with slime and wet.

The consequence of Bob's description of what he saw within, or thought he saw, for there was but a very little glimmer of light from above, he said, was that Charley ran off for more assistance, whilst the man and the three boys, quitting the hollow and making a circuit, reached the high ground behind the summit of the rock. They had hardly arrived there, when Charley returned, and two men along with him, carrying two pickaxes, a spade, a coil of rope, and a lantern. They were now standing on a sort of high ridge between the gully from which Bob had entered the fissure and the large glen; and close beside them opened a pit mouth, about ten feet across, and almost overgrown with bushes and briars. On finding that this was the place to which they were brought, one of the men said, angrily, "that it was no use poking down there; it was an old trial-shaft not fifteen deep; he had often sounded it himself, and knew it could have nothing to do with the cranny below." Charley, however, persuaded them to let him down into it by means of the rope, and found that, at a depth of about twenty feet deep, he did indeed reach a shelf of slate which seemed to be the bottom; but on looking more closely and groping about with his hands, he found that this, in one place, sloped away under the side of the pit which caved above it, and there ended with a sharp edge over a dark and unfathomable hole, from which there came up a moist cold air, along with a sound like water dripping a great way down. On this discovery being communicated to those above, it was at once resolved, amid much excitement, to make further researches. A lighted candle, the door of the lantern being left open, was first let down into the lower hole, and as it remounted unextinguished, one of the men, with the lantern in his hand, was carefully lowered into the same mysterious gulf; Charley being now not at all unwilling to allow a substitute to take his place on the rope.

In the mean time, Bob's father and mother are wondering why their boys have not returned from school; and at last their father goes out in search of them, and walks on and on until he reaches the village, without finding any trace of the absentees. After making inquiries at the schoolhouse and elsewhere, he returns, with some anxiety in his face, through the glen; hoping that they may have taken that way home.

This path led him hard by a cottage where some kinsfolk of his resided, and on drawing near it he became aware that it was the scene of some unusual bustle. Full of fears on the score of his missing children, he pressed eagerly to the door, but almost the first objects that greeted his sight within were his three boys, safe and sound, though pale and agitated-looking, as he now observed most of the other people in the house were also; and there was quite a crowd of the neighbours assembled in it.

He learned that a dead body had been discovered in a pit not far off, and had been carried to this as the nearest house. It was in no degree decomposed, they told him, but all wet and slimy with the water of a pool in which it lay, as well as with the drippiness of the moist rocks above and around it; some mark of injury had been noticed on the hinder part of the head, but none elsewhere. Two women had piously laid it out in the next room; they had wiped the dress, without disturbing it in the least,—for no doubt the coroner would come,—and had washed the face, and put aside the clammy hair. But what was strangest of all, was that no one had yet recognised it, though the features were little altered from what they must have

been in life; and no one could even give the least guess as to who it might be, nor had heard of any person being missing. "Would he not go in and see the body? Poor fellow! he could not have been above twenty years old, from his looks."

The April night closed in upon valley and upland; and the crowd at last slowly dispersed, carrying the marvellous news to be talked and shuddered over in their various homes. The women who had laid out the corpse resolved to watch by it all night; and placed a lighted candle near where it was stretched on a low mattress.

They had not sat here longer than an hour, when they heard the outer door unclosed; and immediately afterwards the door of the room in which they were was opened, and an old woman entered, bent and white-haired. In compliance with a feeble gesture from their visitor, one of the watchers lifted away a cloth which concealed the face of the corpse, and disclosed the pale, handsome features gleaming in the candle-light, and the damp locks of chestnut. The lifeless form was that of a tall, slight, almost boyish, youth, in trim though greatly soiled clothes; and there was something like a bunch of discoloured ribbons fastened to the breast of the coat.

The old woman raised her bowed frame upright—as those who now watched her with speechless amazement, and who knew her well, had never seen it raised before—gazed on the body for a few seconds with an awful, indescribable look, advanced a step; and then, with no other sound than a loud sigh, sank together on her knees, her head falling forward and resting on the breast of the corpse. Strange mystery of Time!—Strange Life of all of us who move to and fro here for a little while!

When next morning came, there was no lack of memories and tongues to revive the old story of Master Stephen and Fair Phoebe; and to explain how Stephen must have climbed the precipitous bank behind his house to find a short way back to the church. And, to this day, you may hear it all told, if you visit Carhooe, by those who, of their own knowledge, can add that the dead hand which the dying hand clasped was found to have on its little finger a Wedding-Ring. They will show you where the water, whose preserving qualities were so strangely discovered, oozes from a fissure in a tall rock; and, if you ask for it, will point out the grave where Stephen and Phoebe were buried on the same day, within the ruined walls of the old church: from which eminence, too, if the weather be favourable, you may enjoy a fine prospect of the village on its slope, the tide ebbing or flowing among the green islands of the creek, and the broad ocean beyond, stretching from east to west without visible limit.

A WINTER GARDEN FOR THE PEOPLE.

WHAT do you mean by a winter garden?

Gentle reader, step with us, for a short distance, and we will try to give you a satisfactory reply.

We pass through a park, and then through enclosed pleasure-grounds beautifully laid out, but which have just now a melancholy aspect—for almost everything has been touched by the breath of the approaching winter. But the grass is as green as ever, and the trees begin to assume a new beauty even in consequence of their very leaflessness—it is only in this state we can fully perceive and admire their beautifully formed branches, or spray. But the wind is bitterly cold, and comes in sudden and violent gusts, between mocking glimpses of sunshine, that make us feel its harsh severity all the more keenly. The fallen leaves are gathering in every nook and corner out of the wind's way, as if still trying to cling to their birth-place; but as our senses catch occasionally the unmis-

takeable evidences of their decay, we are reminded of the lines in Tennyson's charming song,

" My very heart faints, and my whole soul grieves

" At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves."

And we acquiesce in the wholesomeness of the inexorable laws that are, even while we gaze, lifting them frenziedly up, and scattering them thickly through the air—expediting their dissolution into their original elements, and which may yet return to nourish their parent trees. Can this be a day for the enjoyment of a winter garden? Let us go on and try.

Before us is a large glass structure—somewhat in the shape of a cross in front, with the part projecting towards us rounded in an airy graceful semicircle. The dimensions are sufficient, without being remarkable. We are not describing what does not yet exist,—a people's winter garden,—but a garden that is an established fact, from which we may derive some useful hints for the promotion of the object of this paper. As we approach the structure, the exquisite grace and lightness first strikes us. It almost seems as though some Brobdignagian glass-blower had puffed the whole forth at once into its present shape. There are no deforming brick walls round the lower portion, as in our green-houses generally, and such supports as may be discovered on a close examination, are faced with glass so as to look like all the rest. Even the doors are but so many large pieces of the glass, cut out, as it were, from the general expanse, set with hinges, and replaced. The next impression is of the beauty of the foliage within, mingled in so many forms, and looking from the outside, under peculiar aspects of the light, as though some extremely delicate silvery veil were thrown over the whole. But we are too cold to pause long on the exterior—we enter—and—is it magic?—do we dream?—this atmosphere so balmy, so suggestive of those soft breezes of spring, which one could fancy had gone forward prematurely into the summer, to look for it, and returned to their allegiance, laden with kindly tokens from the approaching splendour? And these flowers, so rich and varied in hue, can they really be? These fruits, more brilliant than the precious stones that the dazzled Aladdin found in the wondrous caves, do these grow there?—in England?—and in the winter? And the many plants before us, whose foreign origin, and sunny parentage is revealed in their novel and picturesque foliage—can they grow in all their health and vigour, within sound of St. Paul's bell, defended only by such contrivances as the gardener has always ready at his disposal? Yes, it is even so.

Doubtless, the contrast between the within and the without wonderfully heightens all our pleasurable sense of the beauty that here environs us, but that is an additional reason for our desiring to have such gardens, not for taming down our enjoyment when we have got them. Under no other condition, perhaps, would this pair of magnificent Araucarias (*excelsas*) that flank the entrance, and form, as it were, the grand vegetable inner gates to this paradise, impress one so much, even though we never see these plants anywhere without a long pause, coming always to the same conclusion—that they are, in certain stages of their growth, the most beautiful of all known trees. Imagine gigantic green ostrich feathers, extending horizontally from the perfectly straight and slender trunk, drooping just a little at the extremity, and continued in interminable layers, in their native forests, Australia, from the ground to some almost fabulous height. So, again, of the Palm that occupies the centre of the garden. We cannot resist the impression that it is so absolutely perfect in its wide-spreading fountain of fan-shaped leaves, that nowhere else may one hope to rival this luxuriant piece of tropical beauty.

Tropical? Truly, when the long pendulous fingers of a Panim Flower are found curling about your face, and guiding your eyes upward to its lovely and far-

spreading festoons, that sport about the roof, and make it sparkle every here and there with its wonderful and rich flowers; when one sees tall pillars, thickly covered with the leaves and flowers of the scarlet geranium, growing in the ground, just as quietly and thrivingly as though it had not the smallest idea it ever ought to grow anywhere else, when yellow Acacias, thirty or forty feet high, and in full bloom, seem to be only annoyed by an unworthy estimate of their vigour of growth, and press impatiently against the glass roof for room to expand themselves; when Camellias—most gorgeous of plants—true representatives of the “flowery land”—seen to be ambitious of the height and bulk of our forest trees, and certainly do tend this way; when Tree Rhododendrons, the very *beau ideal* of the junction of arborescent strength and stateliness, with a brilliant luxuriance of blossom that even surpasses in effect the summer display of our most favourite “bedding” plants: when one looks round on these, and on the similar objects that everywhere people the winter garden, we might fancy we were, if not exactly among the wild but glorious vegetation of the tropics, certainly in some building over which hung an Eastern sky, possibly a garden of delight set apart for the leisure hours of an Eastern potentate, and into which one might presently expect to be basking as in a blaze of earthly sunshine, a bevy of the choicest beauties of the harem making the air ring again with their musical laughter. But no—we are in the Regent's Park all the while, breathing not only English but metropolitan air, purified, however, by the breezes from the neighbouring hills of Highgate and Hampstead, and the lovely heath that lies between them, and tempered by the art of the garden-artist, for so does the true gardener deserve to be called—into the right state for the respiration of these delicate vegetable beauties. There can be no question, either, that these female forms that glide about among the flowers, or occupy the pretty little seats by the pretty little iron tables, are no Eastern playthings, but very much more genuine and interesting personages—veritable English women, who reveal somewhat of the sweetness of their own tastes by venturing out from their homes on such an inclement day, to spend a quiet half hour here. Those little tables are each of them a study, so richly are they covered with pots of flowering bulbs, so artistically are they arranged, so almost overpoweringly fragrant are their odours. Oh, world of mystery that everywhere hangs about us and within us! Who can, even in imagination, penetrate to the depths of the commonest of the phenomena of our daily life. Take, for instance, one of those pots of Narcissi. We have ourselves had a plant of the variety known as *Soleil d'or*, in dower in a sitting-room for six weeks, during the depth of winter, giving forth the whole of that time, without (so far as we know) ceasing, even during sleep (for we need hardly tell our readers plants *do* sleep), the same full stream of fragrance. Love itself does not seem to preserve more absolutely its wealth, while most liberally dispensing it! That fragrance has a material basis, though we cannot detect it by our finest tests. What millions of millions of atoms must go to the formation of even a single gust, as it were, of this divine flower-breath!

Yet this goes on, through seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, and ceases only with the health of the flower petals. Where, then, in these petals—these thin unsubstantial cream-fakes—may we look to find stored up all these inexhaustible supplies? Where, indeed? and if they are not stored up, but newly created as given forth—is not that even more wonderful? Would that any one could show us the nature and modes of operations of such miraculous chemistry?

In once more glancing over the winter garden of the Royal Botanic Society in the Regent's Park (for it is that to which we have referred) one is naturally sur-

prised at the splendour of the floral effect, even after a little cooling down of the first sense of pleasure, and after a little business-like reflection on the gardener's skill, and appliances. On inquiry, we learn that the result is produced by acting upon the simple rule of making it essentially a winter, and not any other season, garden. Who wants to be under glass in the dog-days? Why, even the most tender exotic plants have too much good sense for that! Scarcely one of them but enjoys the fullest, most unrestricted communion with the nights and days of an English summer. Plants, therefore, that naturally flower in the winter are carefully collected together from the permanent denizens of the place. Of course, these are not necessarily less numerous than the plants of other seasons. Our winter, for instance, is the Australian summer. So that our very fastidious, particularly natural friends need not qualify their admiration, or lessen their enjoyment, by any notions about *forced* flower, &c. Most of the beautiful things around us are flowering at the exact time God appointed.

One hint we particularly wish to enforce on all parties concerned in the construction of winter gardens, namely, to bear in mind they are not plant-houses for the benefit of science, as is the magnificent palm house at Kew, but gardens for our recreation; and therefore all the arrangements should be made that we can examine and enjoy everything freely. Now, at the Horticultural Gardens at Chiswick, you behold in the conservatory a great mass of things, all doubtless beautiful in some respect or other, but so huddled up, by being planted together in one wide and long bed of earth, that the spectator who goes round the whole, which is all he can do, can really study but a very small number of the plants before him. We want to walk in and among our plants, to recognise them individually, and love them, not stand formally in a rank-and-file of people, all gazing intently and foolishly at a thicket and jungle of trees and shrubs. This matter has been carefully attended to in the winter garden in the Park, and the effect is most charming. Generally, the plants grow out of the ground, which is of a very pure, clean looking colour, almost white. Every fine specimen stands alone, to be walked round, and, if it be large enough, to be passed under.

All winter gardens must of course be artificially heated; we have already spoken of the purity and delightfully temperate character given to the air here by the heating apparatus, which lies bedded in the ground beneath, and is only visible through certain spaces, in the shape of pipes pierced with small holes. How much liberty foreign plants will allow to be taken with their constitutions, without resenting it by being poorly for a day or two, or even by dying off altogether, may be judged from the fact that the temperature has occasionally been allowed, through some little slip of the attendants, to sink as low as three degrees below frost. Nothing can show more satisfactorily how healthy the plants must be; not even the birds who are just now singing so blithely in yonder acacia, appear to be more thoroughly at home in the winter garden.

Now, even for comparatively unimaginative minds, this problem will not be a very difficult one to solve: if, within the limited space, 15,000 square feet of ground, and at a cost of £7,000, so charming a place has been obtained for the subscribers to the Royal Botanic Society, what a magnificent place may not the people of London secure, if this new “Palace of Crystal,” now fast rising upwards from the green mound, almost to one's thoughts, like an exhalation, be secured for them, which covers, to us, an incalculable number of square feet of ground, will contain some eight miles of continuous walks, will roof over some of the tallest of our English forest trees, and which, of course, therefore presents ample scope for the growth of the most magnificent foreign ones, and which, finally, is being erected

at a cost of £30,000! Here is a winter garden truly worthy of London! What prevents our obtaining it? We think—nothing. But we also think it will not be obtained unless the proper measures are taken in time. There is a tide in the affairs of communities, as well as in those of individuals, which must be taken at its flood, if we wish to float buoyantly over difficulties that, under any other circumstances, would be insuperable. So it is now with this long-cherished object on the part of the few for the recreation of the many—the establishment of a metropolitan winter garden. Within the next few months, if proper steps be used, this, the most magnificent structure for this purpose that even the imagination of the poet could devise, may be permanently secured for the people, and dedicated to their use and enjoyment, during just that period of the year when nearly all other amusements of an innocent and inexpensive kind are denied to them. The author of that design has been one of the first to express his wishes on the subject: he earnestly desires the winter garden. And as it was his gardening skill and tastes that suggested to him the essential features of the structure, it will be but a very pleasant kind of poetical justice to require him to give back again to horticulture what he may be said to have borrowed from it. We must—we are sure we may—look to him to take the lead in the movement that will speedily be commenced. The fitness of the building for the purposes of a garden has been already partially illustrated in our remark on its origin; we need only add that Mr. Paxton is, perhaps, the very first gardener in England. Rich as we now are in gardening, and using that word in its highest meaning, and significative of a profound knowledge, theoretical and practical, in certain branches of architecture, in landscape gardening, in botany, and in horticulture. When such a man says this building is perfectly fitted for a winter garden, there need no longer remain a doubt on any one's mind on that score. The question is, how shall we prevent this charming fairy structure from disappearing next year with even greater rapidity than it appeared. Contractors are not men to dawdle. If, when the time comes, we are not prepared to come to terms with them, they will speedily relieve us from the opportunity.

The first thing to be done is to form, or to prepare at least to form, a small committee of men who are interested in the subject, and who will quietly, unobtrusively, but steadily avail themselves of every chance that may offer for awakening the attention of the public, stimulating the government into active help, forming estimates as to what ought to be paid, and arranging the best modes for obtaining in brief time wherewith to pay. Doubtless there will be a certain amount of difficulty in pressing forward the topic while the excitement of the Exhibition is at its height, but all the more good will be accomplished if the difficulty be overcome. The very presence of such countless multitudes of people in the structure, and under circumstances that will call forth all that is most genial in their nature, offers the greatest incentive to those who would seek the aid of all to secure that structure for the future enjoyment of all. But if only a few suitable men take up the question, and deal with it with prudence, courage, and earnestness, we feel sure they will succeed. The Duke of Devonshire, in his very graceful speech at Bakewell a short time since, said his "friend" Mr. Paxton was accustomed to undertake many important things in his service, and always succeeded in everything he undertook. We doubt not Mr. Paxton will be glad to give us—the people—a taste of his quality in that way, by taking up the question of a winter garden, and solving it *in his usual manner*. We shall all be eternally grateful to him, if he does.

S. P. J.

LOVERS' AMAZEMENTS; *

OR, HOW WILL IT END?

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

SCENE III.—LA ROUSSE'S apartmens at head-quarters.
He is discovered sitting after breakfast, and stretching himself.

La Rousse. Well; I've made breakfast last as long as possible,
And what the devil shall I do now? No soul
Will love; nobody fight; Parmentieres, Villars,
Rohan, Beauvais, all gone with little Franc;
To the next town; my old Lieutenant sick;
My Cornet, poor boy, with a face and wit
Fit to chuck half the sex under the chin,
Staring all day at the tall Notary's daughter,
Because he saw her tie her shoe in a door-way;
And so I've nothing left me, not a cast
Of dice, nor e'er a wager on two blue-bottles,
To give a poor curst Captain a sensation.
I've read the *Army List*,—the *Rondeau Book*,—
The *Adventures of the Nun*;—nay, the old Sermon
Which the poor lad brought here with him, because
She copied it,—all in such a sweet bad hand;
And half the corners of her manuscript
Are drench'd with oil, which makes a sort of pity
In love, and shows how above circumstance
Th' admirer's feelings are!—If that tall girl,—
That saffron girl,—doesn't take pity on him,
And treat him like a Christian, I see plainly
He'll marry her!—he will!—entrebat the father,
Down on his knees, to be so noble-minded
As let him wed her poverty, and raise her
From figs and cheese to be a marchioness.—
I know that sort of thing; I mean, the notion
Of being seriously in love; though never—
I never thought—I'll do myself that justice—
Of matrimony ungilded; otherwise
Louise La Motte had been the wife for me;
She had,—had there been any reason for it,—
Poor little soul,—shaking you by the hand
So honestly, with eyes so thanking yours;
So witty, too, had she but known the world
A little better, and wai'd all that fuss
About her "feelings," and her "friends," and "father."
She was a sole small heiress, for that matter;
Very small; and my father says, he'd pay
My debts, and rescue this estate of mine,
Would I but marry the least gentlewoman,
That might be shown at Court. Louise La Motte
Might be shown anywhere, and grace the shower.
I wonder what's become of her? she cried
Somewhat too much; but that was when I left;—
And had the prettiest warble.—Well, she has gone
The way of all eternal constancies
By this time;—oh, of course;—dried up her eyes;
Married some gentleman in snuff-colour,
Not very amusing, but of great integrity;
And got a house full of children, and bread and butter.
I hate that sort of man.—Yes, 'faith, I lov'd her;
And yet it vex'd me horribly to miss
The Countess Montalais, for she enraged me;
So rich as well as beautiful; the widow,
At twenty, of a Cresus of four-score,
Who married but a week before he died
On purpose to complete her maddening charms;
And yet to jilt me as she did; profess,
After permitting half a year's warm suit
And suffering me to send her books and letters,
That there was some "mistake"; some "misconstruc-
tion,"
Some "fancy," which my natural gallantry

* Continued from p. 92.

Had "flatter'd her too far with"! Faith, there was ;
A fancy that she had some decency,
And was not mere face, cold as the devil ;
A marble face ; a spout ; fit to turn fountain,
And chuck cold water on us. Devil take her !
I'll think of something else. Oh, ho ! the sun
Carves this way, does it ? takes a slice o' the floor
Tow'rs noon ? my prisoner must be here anon,
And with him, sounds ! a lady. How do I look ?
(Jumping up, and consulting a glass.)
That curl will never sit well when I want it ;
And here's my lace all crush'd ! Well, never mind ;
A little philosophy and the last new tune
Cures all. (Sings.) It would be devilish funny though,
If the lady took a fancy to the Captain.
Prisoner's a grave sound. Conquerors have advantages.

[Enter the Captain's Servant.]

Serv. The Chevalier de Torey to wait on you, sir,
with a lady.

La Rou. Entreat his presence (exit *Serv.*) Torey !
the Chevalier

De Torey ! why that's he, they say, succeeded
To my lost throne with Madame Montalais.
Well,—this is—

[Enter De Torey, bringing in the Countess.]

De Tor. Madame Montalais, good sir,
Permits me to unite her thanks with mine
To Captain De La Rousse.

La Rou. (aside.) By heaven and earth,
Tis she, her very self !

Countess. (aside and despairingly.) De L'Orme ! De
L'Orme !

De Tor. (introducing them.) My generous captor, madam. My fair friend,
The Countess Montalais.

La Rou. The Countess honours
An old acquaintance, sir, beyond all hope,
And all expression. 'T were superfluous
To hope her health is good, with that bright cheek.

De Tor. You know the lady ?

La Rou. (sarcastically.) Well,—I have that honour.
De Tor. And you, madam, of course know the good
Captain ?

You've chang'd your name then, Captain, for I see
Our fair friend knew not of your present one.

La Rou. The poor estate of a relation, sir,
Has, to La Rousse, chang'd —

Countess. Oh, I see, sir ;—yes,—
And Monsieur was not then an officer.

La Rou. No, madam ; I was then simple De L'Orme.
De Tor. (aside.) De L'Orme ! — She seems confus'd
to see the man

That bragg'd of her acquaintance ; that still brags it,
Saying he knew her well.—I faith, good Captain,
Well as you know the lady, let us hope
You'll know her some day better. She admires—

Countess. A gentleman ever, and the kindest, most.
La Rou. (aside.) He's ignorant, I see, and so she'd
keep him.—

(Aloud) I must not boast a knowledge of you, madam,
Equal to him that speaks so handsomely ;
But I were the most thankless man alive,
To pride me not, for ever and a day,
Upon those happy visits and blest walks,
When I breath'd air whose heaven was envied me.

De Tor. (aside.) Blush'd she not so at bay, and
heav'd a bosom

So vex'd in its tumultuous loveliness
(What ocean for such tempest !) doubt unutterable
Would rack me not. But she must not stay thus.
(Aloud) Our time is short, dear lady ; and the Captain
Will pardon our abruptness. Let me thank him
Once more, instead of your quick travelling breath
Unus'd to such road-whirlwind,—and so beg
He'll think you have said all things, old and new,
Which ladies say to compliments from Captains.

Countess. I am not well, and blush to have spoke no
better

To one so more than flattering. Fare you well, sir !

De Tor. (aside to La Rousse in going out.)

You had no right to pain a lady thus,

Gancied you what you might,

La Rou. Nor shall you beard me,

Full'd as you are.

De Tor. (fiercely.) I shall be back.

La Rou. (as fiercely.) I look for it.

(Exeunt.)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

(To be continued in our next.)

Talk of the Week.

*The New Miracle—Its Absurdity and History—The Paper
Duty—New Newspapers.—The Works of Douglas Jerrold.*

In the present dearth of domestic and foreign incidents of interest or of grave import, the public cannot fail to take especial notice of the new Roman Catholic absurdity—the Miracle of the Bleeding Picture. We cannot help feeling that the publication of this ridiculous imposture must have an effect upon the Roman Catholic propagandism in this country, little in accordance with the fond wishes of his Eminence of Westminster and his colleagues. The day has gone by to win converts by a parade of the marvellous. Such exhibitions have nothing sacred in our eyes in these days. They are simply absurd. They startle credulous people who have a leaning to less open imposture, and turn them back from the Church. Englishmen cannot be won in that manner. Such serio-comic displays may have their anticipated effect in Italy, Spain, and among a small section in France ; here they will produce a precisely opposite result. And we imagine that the propaganda in England would very gladly hide them from our view. But, thanks to modern newspapers and improved international intercourse, that they cannot do. They must fight the whole battle, defend the smallest mummery, and the least public imposture of their church, or not enter the lists at all. These extremes of Rome are properly the mysteries that should be kept from the neophyte ; that should be gradually disclosed to the gradually deepening superstition of the initiated, as he swallows more and more of the free-masonry of his creed. When a man has believed that a horse-chestnut and a chestnut-horse are identical, he may be got to believe that a round can be a square also, and that parallel lines meet at a given point ; but so long as he retains his faculty for detecting fallacies unimpaired, he will not go deeper into a book that exhibits the latter proposition in glaring characters on its title-page. These miracles appear to be the *spice* that is the necessary for Roman Catholic stomachs—the *absinth*, or common bitters, for the renovating of a flagging appetite. The traced *Ecstatica* was paraded vauntingly before the eyes of an incredulous and scoffing world, to the delight, however, and stimulation of thousands of exceptional devotees. Then came the "Winking Virgin," a statue of the mother of our Saviour, who rolled her eyes about in manner very capricious as regards time, and very questionable as regards propriety. A miracle, however, very successfully reconciled to us by a humorous friend, who declared that he believed in ten thousand winking virgins ! But it would not do : the world would not rush into communion with Rome because of this miracle, for the simple reason that it did not and could not believe it. Nay, the imposture was conducted so coarsely, that even believers in its non-imposture began to have faith in the watchwork solution. Certain it is that the statue began to use her eyes more discreetly, and, like many other ladies, finding that the very persons she

ogled for took no notice, refused even to ogle such as delighted in her ocular exhibition. But, as our political economists say, the demand compels the supply, and so we have now a "Bleeding Picture." In a church near Apt, in the Vaucluse (sacred to our secular saints, Petrarch and Laura), is a painting of the "Descent from the Cross." Before this picture a girl was accustomed to pray. A fair enthusiast she appears to be; and as her kneeling posture was continued longer than any other worshipper, and her rapt adoration more apparent in her form and face, she gained the reputation of a maiden of excessive holiness. Rosette Tamisier is her name. One day as she is praying, as usual, before the picture, with her inner eye forecast in fervent devotion upon that sacred tragedy of which that painting before her is a poor imitation, she sees—no, it cannot be—yes, she does see—one, two, three—she can actually count them—she sees blood dropping slowly from the painted wounds upon the painted Christ before her! This is all credible enough. One can believe how the excited imagination of Rosette Tamisier fashioned this upon the retina of her eyes, so that she believed she saw it. What follows, no right-minded man can or will believe. The picture commenced bleeding with a kind of irregular regularity; for the miracle being noised abroad by Rosette, people flock to see it, but apparently it only bleeds for Rosette. She, however, makes it her constant occupation to pray there, and so there is a perpetual flux for the edification of the people of the arrondissement of Apt. At length, the Sub-Prefect, the Judge of Instruction, the Sub-Procurer, and the Archbishop of Avignon, in company with two physicians of Apt, proceed in solemn procession to the church to test the reported miracle. Rosette is in her accustomed state of devotional *ravissement* before the picture. The Doctors, with a wax-candle for light, step upon the altar and approach the painting. They wipe away blood from hands and feet, and side; examine colour and density; count the very drops that trickle slowly, as from a pin-prick; go away perfectly satisfied with the truth of the miracle; and, finally, publish the result of their examination, authoritatively, in the *Pouvoir* newspaper. After this, there can, of course, be no more doubt of the miracle than of the fact that an overseer of Mr. Donaldson, of Sydney, N. S. W., was actually cured by Holloway's Ointment, because a letter to that effect has lately appeared in the daily papers.

Surely such absurdities as this tend very much to invalidate any assertions as to the Church of Rome adapting herself to the spirit of the age. They are resuscitations of the middle-ages, a cheap and poor re-issue of impositions which we thought Southe's trenchant exposure in the *Book of the Church* had effectually put down. The concoctors of these affairs are, perhaps, not aware that they are very paltry reproductions of a class of miracles supplied *ad libitum* from four hundred to a thousand years ago.

"O Rome, my country, city of my soul,

The orphans of the heart must turn to thee!"

Yes; but not to the city of Tiaraed imbecility, the Vatican and St. Angelo; but to the home of Cicero and the Antonines, to the city of the Colosseum and the sepulchre of Adrian; of the works of Julio, of Michael Angelo and Raphael.

Politics proper do not come within the sphere of this Journal; but there is a branch of politics which certainly does. We mean such matters as having the increased culture and the intellectual advancement of the people at large for their end and object, still require the aid or interference of the Legislature. Under this head comes the movement for a repeal of the paper duty. We do not pronounce upon the revenue aspect of the question; but under the supposition that

it can be repealed, without detriment to the national finances, we do say that we should rejoice to see the paper duty abolished. It is essentially a barrier to culture. It raises the price of publications of a high rank above the reach of the many, thereby indirectly forcing baser intellectual coin upon them: it places impediments in the way of a poor author addressing his fellow-men, as it puts the venture of a volume out of his reach, and causes the publisher to be more chary of incurring any doubtful undertaking, thereby making it indirectly a tax on originality, for that wears the least saleable garb at first sight. The repeal of this impost would take a great burden off both authors and publishers, and public, and at the same time be an admirable encouragement to national education, by allowing the food of the mind to go into every nook and corner of the country, exciting the desire to read and understand among all the people.

It seems determined beforehand that 1851 is to be a remarkable year; and with justice. The *Exhibition Express* (a paper specially for this year) is to appear regularly every Saturday, and will occupy the period between now and May, by giving all the news of the gathering Industrial Triumph that is to culminate in that latter month. The *Expositor* has been before the public some time, and secured their favour. We regard these as, humble it may be, but still interesting signs of the activity and the enterprise of our times. Indeed, we think that, complete as the actual Exhibition itself may be, there will be a yet greater exhibition of enterprise and sagacity out of its crystal confines, though unfortunately they can never be estimated or known.

The Christmas books still occupying the attention of readers, the publishing lists are not very full of novelty at present. We perceive with pleasure a cheap edition of the works of Douglas Jerrold; neat and elegant, and at the lowest possible cost. The writings of Charles Dickens are already issued in this form, and those of Bulwer partly so. The lights of the age may now shine in the abode of the lowliest of their contemporaries.

S.

A CANDID AND ASTONISHING CORPORATION.

In 1833 the late Record Commissioners issued circular questions to the municipal corporations of England and Wales, requesting various information; among such questions was the following:—"Do any remarkable customs prevail, or have any remarkable customs prevailed within memory, in relation to the ceremonies accompanying the choosing of corporate officers, annual processions, feasts, &c., not noticed in the printed histories or accounts of your borough? Describe them, if there be such." To this question the borough of Chippenham, Wilts, replied as follows:—"The corporation dine together twice a year, and pay for, *it themselves!*"—*Notes and Queries*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will the gentleman who has sent us the first two chapters of a story, be good enough to say what would be the probable size of it?

Zadoc's approbation is of a kind that much pleases us. He will have seen that the memorable person of whom he speaks was not overlooked.

The verses of G. F. considered in relation to the circumstances of his life are excellent, and do him the greatest credit; but writings may be admirable in some points of view, and yet not "available" for Journal purposes.

Will the authoress of "Lays from Shakspeare" (whose letter unfortunately escaped our attention) oblige us with a specimen of her proposed contributions?

The letter from Sandgate gave us great pleasure: so did the address of G. P. from Glasgow.

There is great merit in the poem of H. G. H., and great food for reflection; but, though we do not at all doubt its good intention, may not its wholesomeness be questioned?